LIFE IN VEHSE.

[During the latt r , as of last year, Dr. Ros The Fields died at futures Fail, Mass, in all forty years to the victority of fur.ers rails, and after reaching manuscol, develoced his mind by extensive reaching manuscol, develoced his mind for your hasband's pardon, and you must take it to the persons whose names I give you and get them to sign his state or sixtor call and scientific worse was keenly sive. The forowing soem no wrote at 70 years of age, dding a versa tack buttulary for several years.

Then I wrote a brief statement of the Republican in any way, under auvoral sears]

(April 11, 1874 - I am 7) years old to day.)

Tale road leads sure to death; I near the end; The mile scones are all past-

Three roors and ten. I started with a crowd. Where are they now! I lost them on the road; I know not how.

I lost them one by one; I know Lo more. They were not left behind;

They went before. The way was full of hope, Or joy and bliss, Of pain, of woe, and death-And happiness.

Life's journey has been short, That is to say, 'Twas m rning, noon and night-

But one short day, I'd look the record o'er; Yes, I am right; The journey of a day-Morn, moon, and night.

My morn was spent in dreams; My poon was bright: Clouds gathered quickly round And now to pig.t.

My glass is almost run; Why need I care! The hand to at led me here, Will lead me there.

Now let the time be short-Wh n I may rest My weary, acoing head Upon His breast. I go from whence I came,

Life's journey o'er, And be what I have have been, And nothing more. My dust returns to dust,

All for the best; My a ul will go to God, And be at rest. I've out ved all my cares. My Lopes, my fears. I have no place for mirth, A .d less for tears.

AN EDITOR'S STORY.

BY A RETINED BOITOR. In was in the year 187 -. I was then

managing edi or of the "Times," per haps the most influential daily paper in one of the largest cities of the West, which I will designate as Burkee. One day I wanted a German to do some work for me among the German population of the city, and employed a tru-tworthy young man whom I knew and who was at the time working in the postoffice. He did an occasional job for me for several weeks.

About this time a mysterious rabbery of the mails occurred at the postoffice Perhaps you remember it - the thief was believed to have torn the letters in smalt pieces and swallowed them in order to cover up all traces of his crime. It made considerable t 1c at the time in the newspapers. To my surprise my young German-Schwarz ty watery." cion of being concerned in the crime and so for as I had time to examine circumstances pointed strongly to him

as the guilty man. Well, I was extremely busy, and se let the matter drop and tried another man to look after items in the German quarter of the city. I had forgotter pretty much all about it until, looking over the court record of the "limes, one morning some time after, I notice the Schwarz had been found guil y and sentenced to ten years in the state prison. "Well, that's the last of that fellow-oo bad," I thought to myself,

and turned to my desk. I hadn't worked an hour when there entered my sanc um a pretty woman, one of those German blondes. She was evidently worked to about something. for she was crying and wringing her hands as she exclaimed in broken Euglish:

"Oh, Meester Brown, Meester Brown vat shall I do? Vat shall I do? Oh my children-my tree little childrentheir father must go to prison -and he is innocent—he is innocent! Oh Mees ter Brown vat shall I do?

I managed to get her seated, and speedily found that she was the wife of Schwarz; that she had three children without any visible means of support and that she firmly believed her hus b. nd to be innocent, for she kept interrupting me with—
"He is innocent—I know he is inno-

cent. He is the victim of a conspir I questioned her further, and seon made up my mind that there was some-

thing wrong about the case. I whis-tled down the speaking tube for the law reporter. He appeared in a mo-"What is it about this Schwarz case?" I inquired of him. "Well, sir, it is a very serious affair.

I believe there is a conspiracy to get Schwarz into the state prison, in order to shield the guilty parties. I think be is perfectly innocent, and I am convinced that the prosecuting attorney and the judge think so tou." was the law reporter's reply.

The affair began to look interesting,

and I determined to follow it up. I told Mrs. Schwarz to remain in my office and I would see what could be done. Then I ran down around the corner to see the prosecuting attorney in the case—a lawyer, by the way, who figured in the Guiteau trial last

spring.
"What is there wrong about this Schwarz case, Mr. Dele?" I asked. "Well, the evidence was clear enough, ' he said, "yet I fear it was a conspiracy against the poor fellow."
was his first remark. "I felt sure was his first remark. when we convicted him that he was the victim of a mysterious train of circumstances that i was impossible to fathom. We are going to move for his pardon right away.

I then called on the judge who had presided at the trial, and he said he was so nearly of the attorney's opinion player that nothing was ever to be said armies met. Much of the interest connected with her life is due to the fact to him about the past, and that who the man's pardon. He also believed that Schwarz was the victim of a vile | charged. conspiracy, though it was impossible to prove it.

I hurried back to the office where Mrs. Schwarz was awaiting me, with Repudican had the reputation of being tearful, anxious face.
"Weil; madam, I believe we'll have

tice. I am sure he is iunocent." Here she interrupted me with all

case, petitioning for the man's pardon. and gaye the woman a note. (written on my office letter paper, and signed my name is maniging editor). re questing the persons to whom it was addressed-20 of the most influential citizens of Barkee-to sign the petition

as a special personal favor to me The woman took the papers and was ff like a shot. In two or three hours h re usned with the names all signed to the perition. I folded the paper in proper fo m. and wrote on the back in red ink:

"MR. PRESIDENT: I believe Mr Schwarz to be theroughly innocent if you will grant his pardon, he will be immediately restored to his former esteem his pardon as a great personal tavor. Yours respectfully, SILAS H BROWN, managing editor of the Bur-

just as I tell you," I said to Mrs. Schwarz, wh was watching me with an interest so intense that it was painth's afternoon. Wher you get there. go straight to the Wnite House. It will oe senators' day, and the secretary will tell you that the President is busy and you cannot see him. You must answer; 'But I must see him; I have a me-sage to the President from the Burkee Times ' Then if he besitates, show him this card and tell him I sent you. but don't say anything else;" and I gave her one of my antograph cards which had written on it; "Si'as H. Brown, managing editor Burkee Times, She promised to do strictly as I had told her, lavished her thanks upon me, and then went away to prepare for the journey. I trusted to the very oddity and "cheekiness" of the message to se cure her an audience with the President, and felt confident that General Grant would pardon the man when he saw that I was ready to employ him sgain. Bo-ides, I had recen ly visited Washington and had renewed my ac quaintance with the President, and I was quite certain he would do me almost any favor, for the Burkee Times was a power in the West, and even pre-

sidents were not slow to heed its coun Now the managing editor of a great metropolitan daily newspaper is not supposed to be "fidgety" over any-thing but I confess for the next two or three days I was rather auxious to know the result of my philanthropic effort.
At last, one afternoon, Mrs. Schwartz of the journey still on her clothes, her

eyes sparkling like diamonds, and her God and you Meester Brown I've got it! Toe pardon! Me husband is vree! And then she repeated it over and

cheeks, and I corfess my eyes felt pret-Well, well, sit down, sit down, and tell me all about it," I said in a husky

over, while tears of jor rolled down her

Mrs. Schwarz after some more rations about the room, calmed her self enough to be seated and tell me

I go right up to de big Vite House. go up to de secretary and I dell him, would like to see de Bre-ident. I've a message for him from de Burkee Dimes. Den de secretary, he look very cross au he say, 'It is senator,' day, you cannot see de Bresident!' Bat I say, I must see him; I have a message from the Burkee Dimes and here is Meester Brown's card, an' he told me not to dell you any ing else,' and I handed him your card. He looked at it and told me to wait a minute. Den he vent away an' den I vas frightened. Preity soon he come back an' he say 'You may see de Bresident;' an' I went in to where de

Bresident was. "It was a beeg, beeg high room, all very gran' and I vas awful 'fraid. De Bresident sat at a beeg table covered with bap rs. He locked very cross he had a cigar ir bis mouth; and oh. I va very mu h afraid and w s red I hadn't com. Den I tink me of me boor hus band and me children, an' I say, 'Mees ter Bresident, I have a petition to you. an' I hanced de petition to him. His face grew blacker and blacker as read it, an' my heart went vay, vay down in me. Den he say, 'It is no use-I can't do somedings for you;' an he lay de petition down on de table looking very

"Did you read de writing on de back, Mee-ter Bresident? Did you see want Meester Brown wrote?" I cried, wid me heart in me troat. De Bres dent he pick it up again' an' he read de writin on de back an' hees face-oh' it

grew so much lighter, an' he say. " 'Humph, if Brown will put dis man to work on ce Barkee Dimes, he had better be dere dan in de state prison!' "An' den Le wri e a lit le an he anded de paper to me an' he say, 'Your husband is vree!' an I cried an' said, l'ank veu, Meester Bresident, au made

band.' So we ordered a hack and started for the county jail. Arrived there, we found that Schwarz had been taken to the state prison 40 miles away, just an hour and a haif before. Well we telegraphed to the prison that he was a free man, and went down to bring him back in the next train. We found our telegram had arrived just too latebarber shop and had lost his fine beard and his hair. But he hadn t been behind the prison bars. I can't describe the meeting of Schwarz and his wife. We all cried and were very happy. Well, I brought that man back to

to him about the past, and that who-ever did so would be promptly dis-The next thing to do was to keep the story out of the other paper, the Bur-

did, the world would simply kee Republican Now the editor of he placed a leaf of unfading laurel upon his brow-would have regarded him as a neartiess man who would never keep a great hero, a patriot, a liberator like anything out of print no matter what your husband out of jail at short no the circumstances were. I was not tice, I am sure he is innocent." through the "editorial amenities" we friends; they visit us without intrusion,

"Time for that after we get him out," givings that I called on him at his of said I, "and you we got to do most of the work. Now I will write a petition to the President of the United States away the tears and so was I. He said nothing, but summoned his local editor. "Mr. Short," he said, when the loca edit r appeared, "vou have heard of

> "Well, sir, never refer to it in the Republican in any way, under penalty of instant discharge. Instruct your reporters to the same effect."
> "Very well sir, answered the local

editor, withdrawing. I returned to my office in a happy state of m.nd. No mention was ever made of the affair in any paper. We all helped the man up as best we could. There never was a more faithful worker, and today he holds a responsible position on the same paper at slarge salary, while, if he hadn't been pardoned he would still have two or three years of prison life before him, and the Lord only knows what would have become of his children. And the best part of it all is, that a few years after he was pardoned one of the old postoffice clerks posicion on the Burkee Times. I shall at Burkee died, confessing that he was guitty of the mail robbery and completely exonerating Schwarz from any participation in the c ime for which he ame so near spending ten years of his

"Now listen to what I say and do life in jail. But that message to the President fro n the Burkee Times was a little the oheekiest thing I ever did in my life. I ful. 'You must take this petition to guess that neither Grant nor any presithe President yourself. You must start | dent before or since, ever received another like it.

> The above story is a literal narration of facts, except that the names of the participants and the name of the city where the Burkee Times is still a great and prosperous newspaper, are completely changed.

Was Joan of Arc Inspired?

Texas Siftings. The inventive genius of the world has abundant employment in satisfying human corlosity. Not content with the worlds of fact and tradition, the world of fiction has

nance of man. One generation of philosophers is occup ed in refuting the fictions of its predecessors. Literary fictions have been provided for mental recreation. for-

been added to the intellectual suste-

"A little nonsense now and then is relisted by the wisest men."

Startling as are the plots of many novelists and poets-defying as they do the unities, and outraging the laws of ma ter-we still may find upon the page of sooer history rehearsals of more marvelous events than ever entered the imagination of the writers of fiction.

Standing prominent among the wildest of such narrations is the story of Joan of Arc. as leader of the French Her life was an enigma ferres. came rushing into my room, the dust S lved by poetry: the result was attained by the wild enthusiasm of the soldiers. This was inspired in their eyes sparkling like diamonds, and her soldiers. This was inspired in their face lighted up with an indescribable chivalrous bosoms by the presence of look of joy. She gripped a package of documents in her hands and explaimed by facaticism: it was the interven in the mighty dead, who once more to a, I've got it! I've got it! Tank walked the earth to vindicate the glory and restore the liberty of France. those doors, opened by the key of imagination do not penetrate deeply into the mystery. Solved by reason: the tollowing results remain in the crucible of taought:

> That there was nothing supernal about the career and exploits of this remarkable person appears evident to our mind, for the following reasons:

It is by no means impossible or even improbable that the Ruler of the Universe should, for an adequate reason, allow the ordinary and natural course of events to be altered. We have -uch exhibitions of His power in the history of Israel. But the children were His peculiar people. In the manners, mor als and customs of the French people of that age, we find ample grounds for not believing them entitled to any such distinguishing evidence of favor. Even if the wonderful events of Joan's life and history were sufficient to convince us of the tenableness of the theory of divine intervention, the subsequent history of France would annihilate any such conclusion What explanation can then be found for her markable career? Her imagination was morbid and abnormal. It caused her to see visions and hear sounds not heard by others. Unreal though these things were, they were truths to her, and inspired her with that intense devotion and enthusiasm so necessary to the triumph of any leader. The fortunes of France had sunk to the lowest obb Reverse after reverse had disheartened the people. They saw a thing before them but political annihilation and ruin, and were willing to grasp any hadow of hope that was offered. It has been said of the French: "That no people were ever led more by their sen-sations and less by their principles." This trait became pre-eminently mani-fest on this occasion. Joan proclaimed herself especially corsecrated and commissioned of heaven to deliver her country. With that love of the theatrical so peculiarly theirs, and with deeper convictions of success and renewed ardor and courage, the sons of France flocked to her standard. The undiminished success of the opposing armies had rendered them careles negligent and unguarded When the French fell upon them with desperaion, concentration, and a belief in the inspiration of their leader, they were a curtsy an' den I ran for de train, an' | routed. The result was largely assisthere I am au' I am so glad!"

"Capital so far," "but don't let's that "A woman would some day delivwaste time—let's go and get your huser France." This, though simply a supers ition, was believed by the invaders, and, so far as is influence was concerned, could not have been more powerful had it been a fact. They be lieved that the war was one he natural and supernatural, between earth and heaven, and were unmanned This is not the only instance in history where a sup ratition has half gained decisive battle ere a blow was inter-Schwarz had been taken to the prison changed. The Aztecs had a tradition that a race of white men would come usurp their government and destroy their ancient institutions. They lieved it to be a prophecy, and ere Cortez landed his victory was half accomplished. History repeated itself in the life of Joan of A.c. Superstition had

> Garibaldi, and not one inspired of God. Books are the most discreet of all

she was a woman in a most extraordi-

nary, trying and perilous position

Had a man performed the work she

POPE LEO XIII.

He Dines On--- Hi. Daily Work-Always Grave and Solemn

Catholic Review. After his mass, which he says early Leo XIII. gives audience to Cardinal Jacobini, secretary of state, and formy nuocio at Vienna, whose political learning is rare, even in those of his official position. His place is then taken by the cardinal secretary of ecclesiastical affairs, and by the congrega-t on of cardinals each of which has its fixed day. The several councils occupy the whole morning, until one bour-after midday. The Pope's dinners A potage, one dish of meat and some cheese; a 'ew minutes suffice for its consumption. While he takes the air n the afternoon-generally in his cariage-he usually reads the bishops' reports, all of which come direct into his own hands, the dispatches from the nunciatures, and especially any news from Belgium. This little kingdom. which has broken its diplomatic rela-ti ns with the holy see is particularly near his heart. For it is there that he himself was nuncic from 1843 to 1846, and there that he studied at close quarters a great politician, Leopold I. wards 4 o'clock the pope gives his private and public audiences, and the evening hours are devoted to the reception of bishops. This long day over, Leo XIII, regains the solitude of his own closet. Then at last, he is

his own closet. Then at last, he is able to begin work.

Tall, thin and spare, with his pale and deeply-lined face, the pope usually has delicate health, of which he takes small care. His austerity is extreme. The spiritual sovereign of 200,000 000 Catholics does not spend 100 francs a month for his table. The energy of a strongly developed nervous system alone enables him to resist the fatigue of his labor and vast responsibilities. At times, those about him perceive : moment of exhaustion and collapse but a little happiness, a piece of good news or a pleasant telegram restore the life of his worn frame. Suddenly well again, he takes up once more his heavy burden and betakes himself to the work of reconciliation and peacemaking to which he has devoted him-

He is always grave, or rather solemn always the pope. The Italians can his manners and surroundings ceremon! ous. Gravity is inherent in his nature, as those aver who have known him from his earliest youth. He never abandons himself, laughs rarely. He might be thought stern did he not temper his severity by the pat ent attent on with which he listens-without inter ruption-to all who speak to him. His andiences are far less frequent than were those of Pius IX, but for that very reason they take up more time He has not the brilliant side so notice able in his predecessor, the genera ease, the fiae good humor which endured, notwithstanding the surprising vicissitudes of the last pontificate, nor the frank, bold and genial speech, full of witty and happy words, thrown off in that sonorous voice which Pius IX retained in his extreme old age. Leo XIII is as slow of speech as the archbishop of Paris. But if neither the pope nor the cardinal has received the orator's gift, each has been endowed with the outhor's. Perhaps this simiarity explains the special sympathy and esteem which the people entertain

towards Mgr Gilbert. The pastorals which the archbishop ffice before his election as Pope) wawont to demonstrate the harmony of faith and reason, of religion and civilization, "growing like the flower and fruit from the root of Christianity, were much noticed by Italian publicists. The priest loved to treat the question of the day and of modera society. The illustrious Bonghi said to him that his was "one of the most finely balanced and vigorous of characters," that he was "a man who had realized the ideal of a cardinal such as St. Bernard conceived it." Since the eighteenth cen ury, since the time of Benedict XIV and Clement XIV., Rome has not seen a pope of so cultivated a mind, so accomp ished in Latin and Tuscan verse, so familiar at once with classic and with contemporary letters. At which Leo X'II most prizes, and aims most constantly in securing in his writings are simplirity and moderation. His letters, his enclyclicals, all are sub mitted to the sacred college. Nothing is more admirable than the manner i

which he elicits opinions and weigh objections. He has been known completely re write, after grave de-bates, encyclicals which he had already completed. As he suffers from sleeplessness, it is generally in the night hours when he composes his most immortal works.

It is by this active life, the monoto ny of which would frighten many statesmen, that the holy father is able to manage directly, in all the r immensity of detail, the affairs of the church Those affairs have multiplied growing since the early part of the century. More than one hundred bishoprics have been founded in America. wrote little; he inspired the writings of others. Leo XIII has his own hand in all; sees all with his own eyes, and directs all. Moderation, which, with austerity, is the dominent note in the sovereign's conduct, and which he has made into law for himself, has borne its fruits. At the time of his access sion, the diplomatic corps accredited to the Vatican was reduced to about two ambassadors—those of France and Austria. At present he receives the eavoys or the ambassadors of all the powers, save only Belgium and Italy. With regard to these two countries, there are no signs of any possible un-derstanding, but the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between the ho see and almost all states guarantees for the present the existence of the Pope at Rome and his spiritual independence. Nevertheless, we must not uppose that the present moderation denotes a change or a back ward move ment from the doctrines of the last I recall to mind the recent significant saying of a dignitary of the Roman curla. "All that had to be said has been said. The Church ever changes."

An Old-fashioned Lyceum Lecture.

Mrs. Brown having a lecture upon before the lyceum of Walnutville. Knowing of Walnutville only that it Brown suggested a more popular subject. No; Walnutville wanted the Par-

"Be you the lecturer for Walnut-

"Wa'al, git right in, and you hain' no need to pay no fare neither, for I'm the committee that wrote you."

Mrs. Brown was the only passenger, and the driver cheered the long and lonely way by telling her, "Folks was thinkin's sight a out seein' on her. lots on 'em rememberin' her grandsir. They were only four hours on the road, and when the time for the lecture came Mrs. Brown was escorted to the hall by exhorted her to speak up, and not be like "them Methodist wimmen, who mnmbled so folks did not know when to say 'Hallelujab.' "

The hall, an unpainted building, consisted of a great room with an enor-mous outside door opening directly into it. There were seats against the wall upon two sides, which the stagedriver explained as being the place where "the old men set town-meeting day." The people who were in their seats turned round and gazed at Mrs Brown while she took off her wraps and put on her gloves. Telling her escort she was ready, he said he "warn't agoin' upon that roostrum to make fool of himself; the minister had got to do that."

While waiting for the minister, and enduring the staring of the audience Mrs. Brown diverted her mind by won dering why a row of men were seated at the back of the platform. Finally curio-ity conquered.

"Wast are those men up there for?" "Tuem? Wny, they're the Walnut ville Brass Band, and they're goin' to play. Don't they have no bands where

you come from! Fortunately Mr. Snow, the minister. appeared then, and Mrs. Brown trailed eekly up the aisle after him. Obedient to his gesture, she sat down, and he said, "We will unite in prayer.

That ex-reise disposed of. Mr. Snow proceeded: "Tae Watoutville Brass Band will favor us with Columbia, the gem of the ocean." The performance was stunning.deaf

ning; but before breath or hearing could be regained the agile clergyman was again on his feet: "The ener ster of the Ba stist Church will now delignt the audience with a

sorg-There's a good time coming. boys; wait a little longer.' The overister walked slowly to the teps of the platform and waited, look

ing severely at Mr. Saow.
"I forgot to say," shouted that muchafflicted man, "that he will be accom panied by his daughter on a Mason and Hamlin instrument." Then the father and daughter mount-

ed the stage, the organ was wheeled into its place, and the performers had : good time, if nobody else did. The audience was indifferent to an alarming degree, looking to Mrs. Brown like scores of duplicates of the goddess

Pasht who sits and glares at people in the British Museum.

Again Mr. Snow: "Mrs. Brown will now read us a piece on the Parthenen. Mrs. Brown stepped to the front, and amid stiliness so profound that she could hear the breathing of persons near her, read her piece. It took an hour, and during all that time the death like quiet was broken but once; and hen a boy who had climbed up on the outside, and peeped in at a window, informed his companions in a hoarse whisper that "she warn't no great to look at, anyhow." Not a and stirred

owed no time for embarras-ment, for he was at once on his feet:
"The chorister of the Methodist church will sing 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep.' He will accompany him

rthenon was ended; out Mr. Snow al

The same masterly indifference while the Meth wist chorister rocked himself violently backward and forward, and while he was wiping his heated brow after he had returned to his seat. But indefatigable Mr. Snowknewno weari

"The band will delight us with Marching through Ge r ia."" "Hark! from the tom s, would have suited the temper of the audience equal ly as well-to all appearance better. Finally, the minister concluded:

"The exercises will close with a bene diction. He had hardly spoken its last word

when the stage-driver shouted: "Here, marm, is the money we've took. You can take your pay out on't. Mrs. Brown, not accustomed to approving herself, declares she rose to morey into her pocket-handkeronief, and told him she would settle on her way to the train. One or two people walked solemnly up to her, limply shook her hand, and raid plaintively, "We have enjoyed your lecture," but with these exceptions too awful si'ence was not disturbed. To this day Mrs. Brown is in doubt if they think the Parthenor n improved sewing machine or a new and of hav-spres

Early Spring costumes.

Early spring costumes have already appeared, and among these are the tytish and serviceable tweed suits nade up in a number of different ways. First are those with a plain skirt, trimmed around the foot with a ruching. pinked out on each edge, and over this skirt is to be worn a "redingote john" of the same goods, fastened with gilt buttons, and also trimmed down each side and around the lower edge with a narrow pinked ruche. Next are kilt-ed skirts of tweed, joined to jersey scarf drapery of tweed covering the pand joining of a skirt and bodice. Over the shoulder is a pelerine of the tweed, lined with surah the shade of the jersey. Lastly are the jannty styles designed for young ladies who aspire to the natty and the picturesque. Here is a model of one of the latter description. The pattern is a plaid in light and dark green, with intersecting hair lines of dark cardinal. The skirt is arranged in three flounces, laid in flat oox-pleats, with hem turned up on the right side, and finished with a piping of cardinal silk. Over this is a very graceful Hungarian tunic, also piped with cardinal. The tweed coat is in Hundreds of ponies may there be f und Louis XIV style, with waistcoat of who have reached old age and never cardinal. At each side are wide pocket flaps. These flaps and the front of, drudgery of being compelled to move the waistcoat are brightened by large silver and enameled buttons, the de-of finding something which they could Harper's Magazine for March.

Reader, didst ever deliver a lecture tax a country "lyceum?" If so, read the following. It is good. "We have been there."

Mrs. Brown having a lecture upon the price of the property of the summer months. In situation, and are three in the min the summer months. In situation, where the price of the property of the prope the Parthenon, was invited to deliver it For promenade or traveling wear is poor there are no neat cattle. They added a long pelisse made of the tweed and lined with the cardinal; the sleeves was fifteen miles from a railroad, Mrs. | are made a la Mother Hubbard, and said to be wanting in fertility, but in at the threat are wide ribbons of Ottoman silk, of dark green faced with thenon. At the station named in the cardinal; these tie in a large bow, the while gorse and the native heather are sorts of exclamations of joy and thansthrew at each other daily in true westand, though often rudely put aside. are
letter of direction Mrs. Brown saw a
long end falling nearly to the bottom
short in stature, and grass in many
fulness.

Interest threw at each other daily in true western style. So it was with some misas prompt to serve and please as ever.

A COLORED CENTURY PLANT. Hrs. Daphae Nevins v ...uts Up an Handre

Years and le Bendy to Qu t. Chicago N. ws.
"I will be 100 years old on the 22d of next month, if I live that long," said Mrs. Daphne Nevins to-day to a repor

Mrs. Nevins is a colored lady living on the second floor of 800 Cark street She is about five feet six or eight inches tall, almost perfectly erect, and of spare build. In complexion and physiogao-m, she is purely African. Her attire is neat, her voice low but firm, her language good, and her manner quiet, sen sible and refined.

she said "I was born March 22, 1783, ia Cumberland county, Virvinia, about sixty miles above ele Richmond

"How can you be so certain about

your age? "Well. you see, the Ransoms always put down the birth of their slave child rea in their family Biole, just as they did he birth of their own children; and when I began to get pretty old, they al ways looked at that Bible to see how old I was. Then I remember the day of the month, because my grand on Sam, there, was born on March 21, and I was born on M srch 22. So there ain't no doubt about it.

"You were born a slave, of course?" "Yes, sir. I belonged to M. Harry fine: seldom are they found elsewhere Ran-om until he died, and then to Mr. Ambrose Ransom, his son until he died. and then to his children.

"Where have you lived?" "Well, sir. I was 25 years old when Ambrose Ransom died, and his children took me away from Verginia to Franklin county, Missouri. Taey sold me to Mr. Haff, who took me to Saline county, and I was his slave when Mr. Lincoln set us all free. After the war, when I was 80 years old, I moved to Leavenworth, Kansas, and lived there eighteen years. For the last two years I have lived in Chicago

"Wnat sort of a constitution did you have when you were young?"
"A remarkably good one. Wi h the

I used to be mighty strong, too. I re- cowboy without the five chambered member that it wasn't any trouble for Gatling gun which usually hangs over me, in my young days, to life three the caboose pocket, and bobs up and oushels of corn off the ground and put down as he dash s by on his fiery, unthem on a horse's back. I take after tamed broncho. Strange as it may my mother, you see. She was 112 seem to the average Eastern reader, years old the last I heard of her, and and particularly the younger ones who now much longer she lived I never have devoured any great quantity of knew. I was living out west then, and yellow-covered literature. several Wydidn't hear from her often. But my oming rancomen have disarmed their ave children didn't live to any reat employees. A similar movement among age. They are all dead now, and I Texas stockmen is said to be making

I know of. obacco and liquor?"

"I always smoked a great deal, and would be compelled to restind this oralways drank some liquor, but not to der, but the "Stock Jonrnal" says that excess. I remember that when I was they find no difficulty in getting and a little child my father used to lay a bettle of whisky in my lap, for me to as the plan i put en trial on adjoining drink all I wanted." "What sort of health do you enjoy advocates.

have any sort of sickness, except now the cowboy, but it knocks the romance and then a dull headache. My hearing out of the latter individual—leaves is almost as good as ever, and my sight him merely a common smoke-tanned is good enough for me to sew about as person, rigged out in leather pants well as ever. My appetite is good, and my sleep first rate, unless I drink cof-fee. I can't say I sleep as long as I chase steers over the plains. Once let used to, because I lie awake

nor even an eyelid moved when the sleep I sleep as well as ever." "How good is your memory?" happened when I was a child, just as manche, and bidding defiance to the if I saw them now; but I am a little for-getful about what happened yesterday out the coroner by shooting a half

or a week ago." the revolutionary war, or the great men and, with his cannon pointed at a diaof that time?" "Almost nothing. You see, I was front, order no the drinks for all bands only a little girl, living away off in the and then shoot out the lights and three

wilds of Cumberland county, and I or four spectator's gizzards. didn't have any chance to see anything. I do remember, though, that once, when I was a caild, I saw some of the soldiers goin to the war." How do you feel about dying?"

"Oh, I am ready to go any time. I am expecting it every day. But death mour coats; let fried shirts and paper has no terrors for me. I was converted down in Missouri about fifty years age, and for three days I was so happy that almost died of joy. I do know if that joy had kent on a little longer, I'd have died. I joined the Methodist church, and afterward I joined the Bap ist church, and got baptized. I have trying to serve God ever since, and He that occasion, for she turned all the has supported me and led me all along my journey. When my Master calls for me I have got to go, and I am

> "Are you making any prepara ion to celebrate your 100th birthday? "Oh! my! no. You see I am just a poor old woman, and I don't expect anybody to take any more notice of me

The New Forest of England. ondon Correspondence Detroit Free Press.

The American reader will be some what sur-prised to learn that within comparatively easy distance of Loudon there is a forest extending over twentythree miles in one direction and eigh miles in another, and that 92 000 Maj. Ridge, chief of the Cherokee na-

British Crown. Arrived at Ringwood the traveler will so much inferior soil, but the wild character of the country does not seem to reach its cl max until after he enters the forest boundary, two miles beyond the above named place, and then the bodice of a monochrome color, with a wildeness begins to spread and ex-

on every side. netimes no houses are seen for s, save here and there a mud-wall ge and in the distance the cotter's pon, and the cotter's cows wandering amongs the scanty herbage and wear-ing e ch a collar with a bell. Here it incidentally stated that the ancient orest right; which perm't cattle and howes to run upon the common have rade no provision for sheep, per-

haps it cause it was a ron for deer.

As the train whiris the traveler on he sees a troop of shaggy ponies wandering about in the vain hope, as it seems of finding something to eat.

Some time in 1859 Mr. Ridge was editor of the Maysville "Democrat," and one night received a distant from Waterville stating that a party seems of finding something to eat. mber, placed one above the other. ations where the horzes are so very cannot I ve upon such scanty fare.

The commons generally cannot be the swamps rushes do not even grow to more than half the average he

Some of the most elevated parts are el lernesses of sand and gravel, discol red by scrubby her rage for waich as average daily farmer would be unable to find a name. But within this wild, outlaying range of desert there are some lovely spots, and heightened by contrast, the really beautiful appears

more beautiful still. It is upon these cases the forest vil-lages are built, and are generally neat and pretty, with good soil, good water and good roads, and alm set hidden with foliage and flowers. The 'squires' country sea s are found there, it being a favorite sporting district and cele-brated for fox hunting. Not many years since 10 00) head of veer, the prop rty of the crown, ran wild over the desert, and every person ate venison; but the deer are all destroyed now principally to put an end to posching and its attendant evils.

The forest at one period was much neglected, squ sters settled on its borders and acquired possessions which they held almost as fre-holds; and when t mber was required timber was had. No care was taken, and much fine timber was lost to the nation Now all is changed; handreds of acres at a time are fenced in and panted and much of the best land is bearing thriving plantations of oak and fir. my parts the fir trees are exceedingly so tall, so straight and so clean in the bars. Very valuable to the British nathe forest ultimately be. Not many, if asy. decaying trees are no v there, and in the parts not recently planted are many fine ones which will grow and thrive for many "ears to come. A visit to suon historio ground as the N .w Forest would well repay the traveler in quest of health and picturesque scen-

The Regenerated Cowbows

Laramie B somerang. Slowly but surely our charished institutions are melting away, and soon the wild, wild West will have taken exception of the chills and fevers, I upon itself the customs and peculiari-bave never had any sickness in my life. ties of the "S ates." The latest is a have only five grandchildren living that considerable headway. Several s.ockmen announced that they would not "What have been your habit about employ anybody who carried a deadly weapon. It was predicted that they ranches, cowboys will be the strongest

The new departure may tickle the "Very good health, indeed. I never stockmen and not be objectionable to with the seat cut out, whire hat and hase steers over the plains. Once let used to, because I lie awake a good this custom become g neral and what while after I go to bed. But when I do will be the result? No mo e will the festive cow boy, loaded up to the muzzie with tarantu a juice, caper up and "Well, sir, I remember things that down the s reets, yelling like a Codozen companions in a drunken row. "Do you remember anything about No more will he ride into a gin mill, mond stud on the bar keepers' shirt

Disarm the cowboy? Take his pop from nim and bring him down to the level of a common man? Ye gods, no! In the name of 10.000,000 Eastern readers of fiction-no! Let our young bloods wear skin tight pants and Seycollars become the rule and not the exception; let the electric light and teleione plant themselves right in our midst, as they have siready done, but touch not the cowboy and his revolver.

Port and avenger.

Shasta, Cal. Courier.

There are on the Comstock many men who were well acquainted with John R Ridge, who was a really re-markable man. He was a man who could sit upon a point of rocks in the high Sierras for hours gazing down upon the valleys, the huge pines, and the tumoling canons, drinking in and enjoying the beauties of nature, so obsorbed in thought as to hardly move hand or foot; yet arouse the Indian in him and he was a man of steel and without a thought of anything human or poetical until his vergeance was satiated. It was as two different souls within the same body. His Indian name was "Yellow Bird."

John R. Ridge was the eldest son of acres of it are the property of the tion, who was murdered in his house by a deputation of the rival Ross party, and John Ross in consequence became chief. The little John was concealed in the weeds, saw his father stabbed and shot to death, and swore vengeance on the murderers. When he became a man he armed himself and went on a stil. hunt on the war-path, and followed on the trail until he bad slain forty-two of them. At length the my-sterious death of one of their number, in 1849, aroused the vengeance of the Ross men, who suspected the author of their calamities, pursued Ridge several hundred miles over the plains, but being well mounted, and in com-pany with the celebrated Charley MacIntosh, he made his way in safety to California.

Bar were on a spree in town, and one of them was b asting that he had had a hand in the death of old Maj. Ridge and had s abbed him five times. That same hot. the avenger was on his rail. Without mentioning his purpose to any one in the printing office R dge hired a horse at the livery stable and started for Waterville, over 200 miles, but somehow the enemy got telegraphic intelligence of his coming and on his arrival not a Cherokee sould be found on Trinity river. Mr. Ridge died a few years ago in Grass Valley, universally lamented and leaving to the world the most glorious poem ever written in California, that on "Mount Shasta."

No one is tatigued after the exercise